Complete Resume of Previous Chapters.



Bill Nye in a Paris Musee. A Day With a Street Band. To Save Andrew Jacksons Home. A Paris Letter from Belva Lockwood. Frank Carpenter on the Big Suez Canal.

Nellie Bly at Johnstown.

How She Distributed Ten Thousand Dollars to

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NELLIE BLY AT JOHNSTOWN.

The Story of How She Distributed \$10,000 to the Stricken Sufferers.

TO SAVE ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME.

Patriotic Efforts by the Women of Tennessee to Rescue the "Old Hermitage,"

WOIL BEGIN IT NEXT SUNDAY. In The

THE SUNDAY W

HE NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING LOCKED UP AS A NEW FREAK

ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Great Artificial Highway Through the Dry Desert.

AGAIN THE RIPPER. IS THIS THE END? RAID BY SAND FLIES. THE CLOUD-BURST.

A Man Caught in the Act of Murder, but Outside of Whitechapel.

WITH KNIFE IN HAND.

A Sailor Attacking a Woman Almost Lynched by a Mob.

Superight, 1880, by The Press Publishing Company (New York World).

[SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.] LONDON, July 20 .- At 3,39 this morning another murder of the Jack-the-Ripper class and the capture of the murderer are reported. This last crime occurred just outside the Whitechapel district, near London Bridge. The shricks of a woman were heard from the rear of St. George's Buildings, The police caught the man as he was running away, knife in hand. It is reported that the woman's throat was cut and the body mutilated.

ALMOST LYNCHED BY THE MOB.

A Sailor Threatens a Whitechapel Woman with His Knife.

Copyright, 1889, by The Press Publishing Company (New York World).

ISPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.] Loxpon, July 19 .- Towards midnight the life of another woman was attempted close by Castle ailey? A woman and man were seen to approach a dark portion of the thorughfare near the Aldgate East Station. The pair did not remain long in the corner before the woman was heard to cry, "No, I won't!" The remark was addressed to a dark man of medium height with a slouch hat and of foreign appearance. The man seized her, dragged her a short distance, flung her upon the curbstone and produced a dagger. Screams of "Jack the Ripper!" and of "Murder!" attracted crowds of men and women from all directions. Among the first arrivals at the scene were several members of the local vigilance association, which has only just resumed its work. Before the man had time to get far he was seized and a dreadful struggle ensued. He had a long knife in his hand and it was some time before he could be deprived of it. Eventually it was taken from him. Even then his fight for liberty was of a most determined nature. In the midst of the fray the woman crawled away. Police whistles Were heard in all directions. A great number of officials, both of the City and of the Metropolitan force, appeared on the scene. When the police reached the spot the man was cut and bleeding profusely from wounds inficied by the crowd, who had raised the cry of "Lynch him!" and

"The woman robbed me." When asked why he drew the dagger, he replied that he had done so in self defense. He said that he was a sailor and gave a Scotch hame, adding that he had arrived from South Shields about a week ago. When asked where he was on the morning of the 17th inst., he could not say. He did not know where he had stayed while in London.

were throwing all kinds of missiles

at the exhausted prisoner. Under a strong

tion where he was charged. In reply he

escort of police he was got to the police, sta-

A small knife was found in his possession, together with his seaman's discharge papers.

Houxed by a Crazy Man.

Copyright, 1880, by The Press Publishing Company (New York World). ISPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD. LONDON, July 19. The fever of fear in the Whitechapel District was intensified to-day by an alleged confession of eight murders and of an attempt at a ninth. The story of the confession was told with such precise details that even the polies were deceived by it and did not discover, until they had startled the whole city with the news, that they had been listenag to the drivellings of an idiot.

McQuade's Acquittal May Settle Future Boodle Trials.

Europe Come Back?

The Opinion of Public Officials on the Saratoga Verdict.

A round and rosy scrubwoman arose from her knees when an Evening World reporter scended the steps at the residence of ex-Alderman Arthur J. McQuade, in East Thirteenth street, this morning.

She was radiant as she replied : "Ah, yes, it was good news, sir. Arthur and Mrs. McQuado and the three children are at Saratoga, and will stay over Sunday. Two of the children are at their Uncle Barney's, "

Yes, Arthur J. McQuade, who has spent two and a half years in Sing Sing Prison for oribery, has been adjudged guiltless of that bribery by a jury at Ballston, on his third trial, after only one hour's consideration of the evidence.

Assistant District-Attorney Goff, in charge of the prosecutor's office, declined to say what the future action of the office would

"Of course you know the conditions are changed since the first trial of McQuade and the trial of Jachne. Public conscience is not the trial of Jaelne. Public conscience is not as strong as it was. A Judge once said of a case which he had tried: 'There was conviction in the air.' It was so in the boodle cases three years ago; it is not so now apparently." Mr. Goff could not say whether the other be odle cases would be abandoned or not, and declined to discuss why: it happened that the only boodlers tried since Col. Fellows took the helm of the prosecution had been acquitted while no acquittal had ever been had under former prosecutors, and Jaelne. McQuade, Sharp and O'Neil had been convicted.

Bail Clerk Penny was not so suave. He re-plied in a pet to a jocular taunt of a reporter: "What could you expect when all the witnesses for the prosecution forgot everything they knew and couldn't remember their own

Mayor Grant said it would be manifestly improper for him to express any opinion on the result of McQuade's trial. Private Secretary Crain said: "If the re-ports of the evidence are complete I should

say the verdict was perfectly just "
It seems to be the prevailing opinion on
the sireet that the boodle trials are ended
and that the exiles in Montreal and Europe may return to Gotham as soon as they like.

WILL THERE BE HARMONY NOW?

Result of the Effort to Settle Republican Troubles in Virginia.

WASHINGTON, July 20 .- A committee of five from the Republican National Executive Comnittee, consisting of Chairman Quay, Vice-Chairman Clarkson, of Iowa: Treasurer Dudley. of Indiana; Mr. Fessenden, of Connecticut, and Mr. Hobart, of New Jersey, has been in conference here for three days, with a view to harmonizing the troubles in the Republican party in Virginia. Wednesday was devoted to hearing what are known as the anti-Mahone Republicans, headed by Col. Brady, member of the National Committee for Virginia, and V. D. Groner, Chairman of the anti-Mahone State Committee. Thursday was devoted to hearing the Mahone or regular Republican case, represented by Gon. Mahone, Congressman Howden, and two representative Republicans from each Congressional district in the State. The Brady and Groner anti-Mahone element first submitted to arbitration and piedged themselves to abide by the decision of the National Committee, and the Mahone side showed a similar desire to reach unity through the aid of the National Committee. in Virginia. Wednesday was devoted to hear-

reach unit, through the aid of the National Committee.

To-day a conclusion was reached by the National Committee approving of the call for a State Convention to be issued by William Mahone, as Chairman of the regular Committee, and Mr., Braily, on behalf of the other side, concurred in this action of the Committee. The complaint of the anti-Mahone Republicans was that they had not been allowed to have free and open conventions in precinct, county and State; that the chairmen of the party committees, appointed by Gen. Mahone, always named the temporary chairman and secretary of the precinct and county conventions, and did not give free and open conventions for the expression of individual Republican preferences. The call for the State Convention to be held Aug. 22 is so broadened as to give the protection thus asked.

Belva Lockwood Writes of the Great Peace Congress for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Senator Hear on Annexation.

Boston, July 20, -The members of the Massa chusetts Club enjoyed their Summer outing at Point of Pines this afternoon. Among the speakers were Senator Hoar, ex-Gov. Claffin, A. speakers were Senator Hoar, ex-Gov. Claffin, A. W. Beard. Congressman Robert W. Davis and Gen, John L. Swift. Most of the speakers dwelf upon the question of Canadian ameriation and were heartly in its favor. Senator Hoar, who made the principal speach, said that annexation with this bountry must from the necessity of the case be a Canadian question. The people of the United States do not conquer other people; they do not subject them to our institutions against their will. We do not propose ever to have under the flag vassal them to our institutions against their will. We do not propose ever to have under the flag vassa. States or subject citizens. Unquestionably, said the speaker, there were many considerations which might make us and our Canadian brethren desire to be united as one country.

Prizes and Puzzles for the Youngsters in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

of Dubuque, Iowa.

Sand-Beds in the River.

Business and Social Matters Paralyzed -Steps to Avert a Pestilence.

DETECTAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, I Dunuque, Ia., July 20. - A plague has decended upon this city. A raid of sand flies has not only nearly paralyzed business, but bids fair to breed a pestilence. Clouds of the winged pests sprang from the sand-beds along the river Wednesday, and have swarmed upon the city to the disgust and exceeding discomfort of the inhabitants.

This pest, which is sometimes called the Mormon fly, is about an inch in length and its wings are broad. Two or three hours are enough to generate the flies on the sand lying by the river.

There were millions of them in Dubuque Wednesday night. They swarmed up from the river and gathered around the gas and electric lights in such hosts that people had to forsake the streets, and the newspaper and telegraph offices, where work on the morning papers was going on, had to close their windows against the maddening cloud of

stinging insects.

The buildings along the levee presented a singular appearance. They were covered so thick with the pests that nothing could be seen of the material of which they were made, and the walls had a trembling, seething look

from the movement of the flies.

Fortunately, these creatures are as quick in going out of existence as they are in coming into it for they die after playing around the lights for a pigit.

lights for a night.

But they were almost as great a nuisance when they were dead as when they flew about, for the stench from the decomposition of millions of these flees was unbearable. In some places the street was piled two or three inches high with dead flies.

The Health Department got several carts at work removing them. Disinfectants have been used on the principal streets as the

The city is beginning to rally from this infliction, which was a very severe one, and positively acted as a clog on business and second pursuits. There have been flies on Dubaque before, but never to this extent.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUN-DAY WORLD.

BOSTON PRISONERS ON A STRIKE.

They Refuse to Work Until Their Leader Is Taken from the Solltary Cell. REPECIAL TO THE WORLD, I

Boston, July 20. -A strike was begun at the House of Correction in South Boston Wednesday morning by forty prisoners. These men were employed in one room in a building devoted to the manufacture of clothing. One of their number, whose name cannot be ascertained at present, has made himself conspicuthe officials who directed the men at their work His actions at last, in the judgment of the His actions at last, in the judgment of the officials, became intolerable, and the man was taken from his work, put in a cell and subjected to the rigors of solitary confinement.

About one-third of the strikers yesterday grew tired of their self-enforced idleness and asked to be given work again. The rest, however, declared that they would keep up the strike "to the bitter end" if their fellow-workman was not given his freedom, and keep it up they did all day yesterday and are at it still, hooting and yening in such a way as to attract a mob to the vicinity of the prison. Col. Whiton, the Warden, is loath to discuss the affair, but he nevertheless admits that a strike is really in progress. He thinks the men will all return to work soon.

Worse Than a Boarding-House Runner. A tail, well-dressed man with a dark flowing seard has been loitering about Castle Garden during the past few days, representing himself as a newly arrived immigrant. During his stay several immigrants have had their pockets picked, one losing \$13 and another \$8. resterday the same man was seen circulating among a crowd of newly arrived immigrants. A burly stranger collared him attempting to nick his packet, but before he could make an ontery the knave quietly got out of the way. A close watch will be kept for the pickpocket's reattrearance. eappearance.

He'll Mock no More Deaf Mutes. James Fay is the proprietor of a blacksmith shop at No. 634 West One Hundred and Thirtyfirst street. Thursday afternoon James Pettel. a deaf mute living at Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Twentieth street, was passing Hindred and I Wenteth street, was passing ray's shop, when the latter began to make mocking gestures and grimaces at him. This so examperated Pettel that he threw a wooden box at the blacksmith, one corner of which strick the latter's left eye. Pettel was arrested and yester, day held in the Harlem Folice Court by Justice White, on a certificate from the Manhattan Hoopital to the effect that Fay had been made blind in one eye by the blow.

The Story of How Nellie Bly Distributed \$10,000 to the Sufferers at Johnstown in the SUNDAY WORLD. A Delicious Blending

of Turkish and Virginia toloreco of guaranteed purity is that in Doo's HEAD CIGARETTES.

A Remarkable Plague Visits the City Havoc Wrought by this Morning's Terrible Rainstorm.

Will the Exiles in Canada and Clouds of Stinging Files Rising from Great Damage to Streets and Sewers in the Annexed District.

> Washouts On the Harlem, Northern and New Jersey Rattroads.

New York was visited by a rain storm just before 5 o'clock this morning the like of which not even the oldest inhabitant cas recall.

It came down in big solid streams, as if poured from some gigantic celestial watering spout, and it made a noise on the housetops and sheds like the continuous rumble of thunder, while the roar and splashing in the streets sounded as if another Johnstown flood had broken loose.

It didn't last very long, probably not more than 15 minutes, but while it was going almost any of the streets in the city would have been navigable for small boats. Policemen sought shelter on high stoops and in convenient doorways, and the belated

travellers sobered up rapidly under the influence of the cold sprinkling so suddenly and unexpectedly administered. The racket woke up lots of sleepy Gotham ites, who rolled over in bed and wondered what all this unusual noise could mean, and then got up hastily and closed the windows

when they realized that their rooms were being flooded. being flooded.

The general impression was this morning when people gathered around the creakfast table, that one of Prof. De Vee's cloud-bursts, predicted day before yesterday in The Evening World, had struck the town

The Evening World, had struck the town in its wanderings.

This theory was strengthened by the reports in the morning papers of the terrible destruction wrought in the Valley of the Little Kanawha, in West Virginia, by what was said to be a genuine cloud-burst and waterspout combined.

The people of the Annexed District had special reason to think that something unusual had happened, for all along the tracks

of the Harlem branch of the New York Cen-tral Railroad, from Tremont to Melrose, there were signs of the most serious washout

that has occurred in years.

All along the new railroad cut, which runs through Freemont, Fordham, Morrisania and Central Morrisania, a raging torrent of muddy water was rushing by, carrying masses of railroad ies, lumber and other debris, and piling it up at intervals along the railroad tracks, and causing a temporary delay to all the early trains on the Harlem road.

Morrisania and Tremont the streets were in a fearful condition. In many cases, the road bed had been entirely washed out by the floods which poured through them, and the sewers were choked up with sand and

gravel.

In one street in Tremont there was a big
hole nearly twenty feet deep, which looked
as if it had been scooped out by a cloudburst, and the sewer connections were all
twisted and undermined.

On several other suburban roads serious
delays to corry trans were reported.

On several other suburban roads serious delays to early trains were reported, especially in New Jersey, where the storm appears to have been particularly severe.

There were several washouts reported by pass ngers coming in from the villages along the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, where torrents of water poured down the western slope of the Palisades, tearing the read-beds to pieces and obliterating gutters and wastedralis.

One of the biggest washouts was at Ridge One of the biggest washouts was at Ridge-field Park, N. J., on the line of the New York, Susqueinama and Western Railroad; near Rockester. The railroad track was undermined and the trains delayed for several hours. The train which should have arrived at Jersey City at 6, 22 a. M. did not come in till 10, 10, and two other later trains

There was no washout along the Pennsylvania line, although the water was very high, in some places covering the tract. The roadbed was too solid,

bed was too solid.

Along the river front in this city all the sailing vessels had their canvass which had been furled hanging out to dry, for everything had been soaked through and through. Several old sea captains said that it was the heaviest rain storm they had ever encoun-tered in this port. Scret. Dunn, of the weather bureau, pre-

served his usual calmness and equanimity
this morning, when he told The Evenino
Word reporter that last night's rain was the
heaviest that this section had had for years.
In this city the rainfa'l reached 1, 18 inches. which is as much as sometimes falls in a month.

"I don't think you could call it a cloud-burst," he said, "but it is natural that such a large amount of water failing over an ex-tended area in so short a space of time should tended area in so short a space of time should

rush down into the valleys and the low ground and do great damage. "The storm is the same one that washed out the valley of the lattle Kabawha in West Virginia, and reports this morning show that the fall of rain there was no heavier than it

was here.
"The heaviest rainfall is reported from Northingled, Vt., where it was 1.34 inches. At Albany one inch of rain fell.

"The indications this morning are that the storm is plassing off the New England coast, and that we will have no more rain here for

O'CLOCK.

any one else.

escape.

He is ashore here now and probably wan-

dering around somewhere.

The captain and crew agree that he is a dangerous man at large.

The Moscito is a schooner and carries a cargo of rubber, hides and cocoanuis to George Swatzer, of this city.

THEY DIVIDED THE HOUSE.

DR. OLCOTT TOOK THE OUTSIDE, HIS WIFE

KEPT THE INSIDE.

longer with his wife. Hilda Frederika Olcott.

They are not only separated, they are di-

Yet it was only a year and four months ago

that they stood in the "Little Church Around

the Corner" and plighted their vows. Feb.

11, 1888, they were married, and in May of

this year Dr. Olcott declares that Hikia

live by myself, or I will leave and let you

"Either you will have to leave and let me

Rather than crowd the lady out the doctor

retired himself, leaving her in solitary pos-

session. Four months before Mrs. Olcott

had given birth to a male child, but even the

coming of little Donglass W. Olcott did not blud his parents' hearts together. Dr. Olcott is handsome fellow, twenty-

ight years of age, and is Assistant Surgeon eight years of age, and is Assistant Surgeon on the receiving ship Vermiont at the Brook-lyn Navy Yard. He was graduated at Rut-gers College. He got this position on the Vermont about the time he was married. Few of the officers knew him personally, and

it was not known that he was married.
Dr. Olcott's father is a very wealthy man, living in Jersey City. The doctor was cousin to the actress, Lilian Olcott, who died a year

ago.

The young surgeon tried in vain to bring about a reconciliation with Hilda. Last May, in answer to a letter which he sent to her,

have come to the conclusion that it will be impossible for us, under existing circum-

stances to live together, and that it would be

applied for a divorce on the ground of deser-tion. Mrs. Olcolt off-red no opposition to the suit, as her husband consented to her re-

the suit, as her busband faining little Douglass,

DAY WORLD.

After carefully considering the matter. I

ment Not Known.

calmly said to him :

vorced.

remain.

MUTINEER AT LARGE.

The Moscito's Bloodthirsty Steward Makes His Escape.

A Voyage of Terror That Lasted Many Days.

The Mutineer Surrounded at Last By the Crew and Put in Irons.

Sixteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum. Drink and the devil had done for the rest, Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum.

Long John Silver, the piratical steward in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," has an humble imitator wandering about the town just now.

He is John F. Howard, the dusky steward

of the schooner Moscito, who arrived last night at pier 11 East River at about 6.30 o'clock and escaped a few minutes later when the vessel was made fast to the dock. Like Long John Silver, the stewart of the Moscito has also kept the captain, crew and

passengers in a constant state of terror during the entire voyage of the vessel. No one dared touch him, for he carried with him constantly a huge carving knife, whose edge he had sharpened until it was as

keen as a razor.

There was a wholesome sigh of relief when he escaped last night. An Evenina World reporter boarded the schooner at pier 11 this morning, confidently expecting that the dusky steward would greet him with his big

Everything, however, was quiet and rene. Capt. John Johnson was below in the abiu. He readily agreed to tell the reporter

about the trip. On the outward voyage the Moscito stopped at Mobile, Ala., to take on some freight. She carried a very lazy, shiftless steward, and at Mobile the captain discharged him. On the dock Capt, Johnson was met by

Howard. The latter said:
"Cap'n, I see you'se discharged your steward. I'd like to go long with you."
'No." replied the captain. 'I don't like your color. I shipped one of your race on a revious voyage, but he only worked or ay and then left, taking with him \$153. can't afford to pay that much a day,"

"Ah, dat was a Yankee nigger capin. Us

Barbadoes colored folks don't do nuffin like that."

The captain finally made a bargain with the

man and agreed to pay him 530 a month. The Moscito sailed from Mobile on May 24, for the Swan Islands in the Caribbean Sea. Nothing occurred to mar this part of the trip, and the ve-sel arrived safely on June 3. While the captain and his passengers were shore on pleasure the mate, Mr. Roc, ordered he steward to cut some firewood. He rethe steward to cut some firewood. He re-fused to do it. The mate said he'd report ing to the captain. Then the negro grew ous.
I don't care a — whether | you tell

him or not." he roared. "I'll make this vessel's deck flow knee deep with blood if any one tries to make me do it." The mate very sensibly concluded that he ouldn't force him, and wasted for the captain to come aboard.

Meanwhile the steward went into the cookonse, and the mate shivered as he heard importing an edge on the big carving-nife. He came out with the kuife in his The mate said nothing, and all hands vaited for the captain.

When the latter attempted to come aboard he steward rushed up and, swinging the icen-edged knife in the captain's face, ye'led: "Pil get even with you, you for not having my firewood all cut. I ain't agoing to cook for no passengers The captain said nothing, for he was speech-

ss with astonishment. ess with astonishment.

Nothing further occurred just then, and on lune 4 the vessel weighed anchor and proceeded to Wente plantation, Nicarauga, where he rest of the cargo was to be discharge!, While this was being done the steward kept up his muttering and cursing, and vowed that he'd kill every man in the ship. From Wente plantation the schooner went to Grey-

Here the captain sent a barrel of potatoes board and ordered the steward to care for them. To with the potato-s! I don't want The crew was forced to put the larrel in

own, further up the coast,

the galley, while the steward looked on.
The captain asked the American Consul to take the man out of his ship, but while the captain was ashore talking to the Consul one of his crew, O. S. Neelson, died of ma'aria ver. This left the vessel short-handed, and the

captain determined to keep Howard and make out the best he could.

make out the best he could.

The ship went back to Wente, stayed a few days and then left for this port on July 6. The vessel had barely got under way when the steward was caught stealing liquor,

Nothing was said, and a few hours later he came back for more liquor. The captain was at the wheel. Rushing down to the cabin he found the negro overtown to the calon he found the negro over-hauling his private stock. 'What are you doing there?" 'I'm looking after medicine. S'pose I kin get medicine if I want it, can't I !" 'No, you can't. When you want medicine you let me know. I'll get it for you. You've got no right here." 'You go to —," replied the steward. 'I'we got just as many right here as you or

Aged Phineas Barton's Heart Not Proof Against the Widows.

"You go to —," replied the steward.
"I've got just as much right here as you or His Children Kept Busy in Keeping any one else."

"You come here again, and we'll see how much right you have."

"You will, eh?" The negro whipped out his big knife and started for the captain. The latter retreated behind the table.

The steward was furious, and the captain savs that "green streaks of fire shot out of his eyes." Him from Wedlock.

Granby Selectmen Inclined to the Old Man's Side of the Case.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, I HOLYOKE, Mass., July 20 .- The Democrat publishes an interesting story of the love affairs of Phineas T. Barton, the oldest citizen of the quaint old town of Granby.

The steward was furious, and the captain says that "green streaks of fire shot out of his eyes."

"You'll hit me, will you," said the negro as he made another lunge at the cantain, "I won't make any trouble for you in New York, but I'll take satisfaction right here."

All this while the captain and steward were going around the table. Finally the steward got tired and went out muttering to himself, venting his spite on the captain's black kitten by kicking it high in the air.

He kept quiet after this for awhile, but wouldn't cook or do anything else.

On Sunday, July 14, he swaggered into the cabin with his hat on.

"Take your hat off," said the cantain.

"What'il I take it off for? There ain't nobody able to make me take it off, either."
The cantain rose from the table and called to the first and second mates.

"Put this man in irons," he said. Like a flash the negro darted out of the cabin and flew for his knife, which for a wonder he didn't have.

He would came out mad, placing his back. Mr. Barton has almost reached the ninetieth mile-stone on the journey of life, but feels so young that he has fallen in love again. He is worth from \$30,000 to \$50,000. His family of four sons and one daughter do not want a stepmother, and are trying to change the old man's mind on the subject. He was brought back from the station a

In fact the old man to-day is a close pris-oner, and is not allowed to move outside his farm, lest he make another break to lead his sweetheart to the parson.

few days ago white on his way to get married,

flew for his knife, which for a wonder he didn't have.

He got it, came out and, placing his back against the mainmast, said: "Now put me in irons: put me in irons if you dare."

The crew edged around him, and the mate, with a sudden dash, jumped forward and seized the hand that held the knife. A short struggle ensued, and Howard was ironed and lacked up in his room. farm, lest he make another break to lead his sweetheart to the parson.

He, however, declares that he will get married again, and that he is old enough to know what he wants.

The old man's story of love and childish infatuation is indeed a romance in itself.

It was not until a week ago that his family discovered that he was courting a widow in Springfield, one in Hartford and another in Belchertown, and it is said that a beautiful widow of this city is among his admirers.

One day last week the old man hitched up his team, and after changing his farm clothes for his Sunday suit and crawling into the buggy, remarked to his daughter: "I am going to Springfield to get married."

"To get married, father?"

The daughter looked at her gray-haired sire half amazed and half bewildered, but before she could speak another word the old man was on his way to marry the charming widow of fifty who said she loved him. He drove to Belchertown, where he intended to take the cars to Springfield.

As soon as he had left the yard, however, his daughter ran down to the fields and told her husband, and the latter hitched up the fastest horse on the farm and started after the aged wooer. locked up in his room.

During the rest of the voyage he was as tame as a kitten, but he was probably playing possum.

Last night when the vessel reached the pier he asked to have his irons taken off, so that he could wash and change his clothes. This request was granted and he made his

fastest horse on the farm and started after the

Wi en the son-in-law got almost into Belchertown the old man was seen about half a mile ahead. He turned around and saw he was pursued. The old man loves a fast horse and soon

had the one he was driving breaking the sixteen Months of Married Life Convinced the Lady that She Was Not Mated-A He used the whip freely and dashed into Separation Which Ends in a Limited the town of Beichertown on a run.

His son-in-law, who was driving like Jehu, caught him at the de ot. With tears streaming down his face, he begged to be allowed Divorce.The Cause of Their Disagree Dr. Frederick W. Olcott does not live any

to go to Springfield, but the young man made him return. He is now kept under the watchful eyes of his son's family.

A reporter called and could not get him to say anything on the subject of his love affair.
The Selectmen have decided to investigate
the case and compel the sons to let him do as he pleases; but the sons have arranged for a hearing to be held at Northampton Aug. 8, when they will try to have the Court appoint a guardian over the old man and his money.

Trying to Save Andrew Jackson's Old Tennessee Home - Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League. Per | Won, Lort, red | G02 Chicago | 32 37 | 631 Pittaburg | 25 42 | 552 Wahin ton 20 42 | Won Lost | Roston | 43 22 | New York 41 24 | Cleveland | 41 28 | Phila... | 37 30 American Association. | Wos. Load | Per | Wos. |
St. Louie	51	24	480	Cincinnati, 40	
Breakign	45	25	454	Kan. City	31
Athlete	19	32	540	Louisville	11
Baltimore	30	32	540	Louisville	11

Atlantic Association. Wilke'b'rro 30 11 012 Hartford 29 Jores City 11 20 508 Lowell 21 Novark 10 23 504 New Have 10 Worcester 31 23 574 Easton 10 A Year Ago To-Day.

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Around Town with a German Street

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, I RONDOUT, July 20. -Religious excitement has o unhinged the mind of Miss Hattie Purdy, a school teacher of Middletown, N. Y., that she made a horrible attempt at suicide. Procuring made a horrists attempt at smede. Procuring a razor she made a frightful gash in her throat, extending almost from ear to ear. With a silk ran held before her she caught the blood from her wound until she fainted. Miss Purdy's friends had recently confined her for a short time in an asylum, but she bad been sent here in the hope that change of scene would benefit her. She will probably die.

best for us in the future to live apart. I therefore cannot consent to your request to live with you as your wife, but you must let me keep our child."

Repulsed in this way by Hilda, Dr. Olcott Band. Read the SUNDAY WORLD. Miss Purdy's Terrible Attempt at Saleide.

Judge O'Brien, after securing the report of Referee W. C. Cox, granted Dr. Olcott a limited divorce. He is now away on leave of absence, taking a vacation with his parents at the White Mountains. During their married life the Olcotts boarded at 108 West Forty-The whole affair has been managed very metly and beyond the fact of their disagreement no cause is known for their separation. Everybody Who Enjoys Wilkie Collins's Famous F-mances Will Eagerly Read Blind Le . e," His Last Story, in the SUN-

MRS. M.A. JENKINS, Marion, Mass., says; "I hope that all who are afflicted with sick head-ache will give BRADYCHOTINE a trial. "." "Pride of the Kitchen?" is the name of the best